The Revolution.

"WHAT, THEREFORE, GOD HATH JOINED TOGETHER, LET NOT MAN PUT ASUNDER."

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The Poet's Corner.

MY CHILD.

I cannot make him dead!
His fair, sunshiny head
Is ever bounding round my study chair;
Yet, when my eyes, now dim
With tears, I turn to him,
The vision vanishes—he is not there!

I walk my parlor floor,
And, through the open door,
I hear a footfall on the chamber stair;
I'm stepping toward the hall
To give the boy a call;
And then bethink me that—he is not there!

I tread the crowded street;
A satchelled lad I meet,
With the same beaming eyes and colored hair
And, as he's running by,
Follow him with my eye,
Scarcely believing that—he is not there!

I know his face is hid
Under the coffin lid;
Closed are his eyes; cold is his forehead fair;
My hand that marble felt,
O'er it in prayer I knelt;
Yet my heart whispers that—he is not there!

I cannot make him dead!
When passing by the bed
So long watched over with parental care,
My spirit and my eye
Seek him inquiringly,
Before the thought comes that—he is not there!

When at the cool, grey break
Of day from sleep I wake,
With my first breathing of the morning air
My soul goes up, with joy
To him who gave my boy;
Then comes the sad thought that—he is not there

When at the day's calm close,
Before we seek repose,
I'm with his mother, offering up our prayer,
Whate'er I may be saying,
I am in spirit praying
For our boy's spirit, though—he is not there!

Not there!—where, then, is he?
The form I used to see
Was but the raiment that he used to wear;
The grave, that now doth press
Upon that cast off dress,
Is but his wardrobe locked;—He is not there!

Yes, we all live to God!
Father, thy chastening rod
So help us, thine afflicted ones, to bear,
That, in the spirit land,
Meeting at thy right hand,
'Twill be our heaven to find that—he is there!

JOHN PIERPONT.

GIRL AND WOMAN.

Eyes like blue violets, gleaming gold hair,
Parted red lips and wondering air;
Fresh rounded cheeks and innocent brow
Of a child to whom grief is a stranger now.

Sad, faded eyes and silvering hair,
Brow marked with many a cross and a care;
Thin hands, whose labor is nearly done,
Calm smile of happiness lost and won.

Closely they sit as the twilight grows,
The opening blossom, the withered rose:
O, say, for which shall I pity find—
Her life all to come, or hers left behind?

Our Special Contributors.

GROWTH AND HINDRANCE.

BY SELDON BEACH.

Margaret Fuller is said to have made aspiration the test for the bestowal of her friendship. Natures no matter how richly endowed, how gracious and beautiful wanting the desire to reach out above, beyond themselves, did not excite her interest or win her regard. She layed great stress upon growth arising from that pure unrest and dissatisfaction with our present status which we call aspiration.

Growth is an active, positive effort of the soul. It lies for a great part in seeing the excellence of virtue, and passionately desiring to attain it through all intermediate steps, while the standard rising as the spirit mounts like some great luminous star that climbs to the zenith, the soul's wings, so to speak, are forever kept upon the stretch. At times there are ideas of terror and anguish connected with this eternal upstretching, when the consciousness comes home to us that in all the boundless spaces of God's universe, there is no coigne of vantage for rest. On and on, forever on, appears to be the stern decree, else positive loss and deterioration. That inward growth involves conscious and positive effort it is scarcely possible to deny. God's rule seems to be that every good thing must be paid for to the u termost farthing. We see the fine, full harvests of men's lives; but the ploughing and harrowing, which preceded them, we only conjecture. All great world movements that have tended to the enlargement of civil and religious liberty, had their seed plot in some much tortured soul. The jarring and fierce conflicts of the Reformation were lived and suffered through to the last throb in the cell of the monk of Erfort, and among the gloomy chambers of the Wartberg. Cromwell bore in his bosom all the pangs of the disjointed times, on which he was launched as he paced his accustomed walks in Huntingdonshire, while the ill-starred king was joyously making his royal progress. Our own Lincoln, the large, awkward, sad-eyed man appears to have grown by successive steps up to the height which enabled him to survey the seething, boiling caldron of our political life, with power to act as moderator and guide in the bloody conflict that broke over the land.

The great reformers of the world have never belonged to the jovial pleasure loving crew. They wrestled mightily each one with their convictions, and were almost destroyed by the birth-pangs that gave good gifts to men. They were overwhelmed by the terrible meaning, and mysteries of life; and to them there was always a voice crying in the wilderness "repent, be born again, grow into divine truths."

The burdens of pontifical corruption, prelatical wickedness, kingly oppression, chattel slavery, woman's bondage, and every other form of iniquity that has saddled and ridden upon this groaning world have been epitomized in human souls. So in the narrow arena of obscure lives the times of trial and conflict which have tried withes and sinews, and extorted sharp cries of anguish, or called forth stoical endurance have been the periods to which we look back as to starting points, or turning points in development, when there was a clear, positive gain of character.

Nature appears to make two authoritative demands upon us; first, to maintain the individuality she has put in us, and second to grow. Our chief enemies, the world, the flesh, and the devil, are hindering and resisting all efforts at obedience. Our hardest battles are not fought with those we hate as enemies, but with those we love as friends. Mistaken kindness, real interest, as it is called, would often prick out our lives on patterns with a pin, would clip and shear us, and bind our limbs, and cramp our feet, and give us over to one or the other of our foes, if we did not wrench away, and stand free and erect under God's sky.

Much that is joyous, sweet, and beautiful in life gets trampled and trodden down in the conflict. I have noticed that those persons who appear to have come up out of great experiences with their faces set the other way from the crowd, look as if they had fully paid the price of their vantage ground whereon to grow. Bnt theirs are not the saddest faces we see. Others tell of an unequal struggle where they failed and hope went out of them. Nothing is so deeply pathetic as a life-striving after nobleness, turned aside by the pressure of the world, and given over to frivolity. There are people to be met with, women especially, who bear the high tide mark of virtue and loveliness; but we know God's blessedness will never for them rise as high again in this world. They have been hindered in the course they meant to take, and have slipped back into the world's grooves, and are simply respectable, in the world's way, where they might have been good in God's way.

It seems as though it would take many long to reach the place in eternity, that they ought to have attained before they left this world; but the weak ones who were hindered in growth are like the plants a gardener cuts back, sure to bloom late. But how will it be with the hinderers who put stumbling blocks in the path, though they may be loving entreaties and subtle temptations, which at last bring the soul that would live uprightly, to bow the knee to some idol of the time? The father is against the son, and the mother against the daughter, and the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law, and all these insidious household foes are striving to bend and compel a human creature to go the way God and Nature do not call him. What will be the punishment for such sins?

MUTTON DRESSED LAMB FASHION.

BY AUNT NANCY.

My grandmother used to say that you may boil an old goose, and boil it, and still it will be old goose; and so I say you may paint and powder an old goose ever so much, and still she will be old goose, and you may dress mutton up lamb-fashion ever so charmingly, and it will still be mutton.

Women are growing a little more sensible about telling their ages, and a little less besotted concerning the use of those wretched dye stuffs that strike through the skull, and cause softening of the brain and other horrors.

There is not quite so much of this dyeing daily among them as there nsed to be. Fashion has adopted gray air, and it is found to be very beautiful in most cases, with a softening and refining effect upon the face. I think these sensible changes in style are mainly due to the woman movement, for no gospel ever before taught that age is as honorable for women as men, and that naturalness is the best feminine charm.

However, there are still plenty of women who are ready to break their necks for the sake of being thought a score of years younger than they really are, although nobody is ever deceived, no matter what pains they may take. If a woman is sixty she may strain ever so hard to appear twenty-five, but nature has a cunning way of writing sixty on form, and forehead and cheek, and no amount of paint or affectation of girlishness can cover up or erase the figures.

One day Bob happened to glance out of the window when he exclaimed "Hallo, there's the Grenadier. I must cave, for she's altogether too sweet on young fellows."

The unanointed might have supposed by the military term, that Bob referred to Ancient Pistol or Dugald Dalgetty; but we who know better understood it to apply to a very high and mighty lady who lived in the empyrean of fashion, on that "heaven-kissing hill" of the most exclusive set."

As she entered there came a little whiff of new-mown hay, Lubin's best; then an aristocratic rustle of silk, and Mrs. Pulsifer may be said to have pervaded the room. She was wonderfully well preserved, and she had spent her whole life and strength, thought and intellect, in preserving herself. To make a poor pun, the brine she used might be called a "pretty pickle."

It was said that the Grenadier kept a store of chemicals which she used in the process of self-preservation with great skill. Nobody could help admiring the nicety of manipulation with which the rouge was put on, in places that would have looked somewhat sunken and hollow, and have displayed wrinkles and brown moth spots. It undulated gently over the cheek-bone that might have been too prominent otherwise, without defining itself in a spot, suffused the cheek, so to speak, up to the point where delicate neutral tints were used to take away those foldings of the skin about the eyes, which are apt to come with years, and fill up the crow's-feet at the corners. The card of old Time, as Wendell Holmes calls the lines between the eyes, had also been attended to with care; and little artless frizzles of hair dropped over the forehead, while the tresses at the back were arranged in a wonderful mystery of bandeaux curls and puffs. On the top of the hair was perched a girlish Gypsy hat, with floating streamers of lace, and a cluster of creamy roses. Her highly trimmed dress was made *en pannier*, and finished with a little jaunty, tight-fitting basque that made Mrs. Pulsifer's back expression exceedingly youthful. Her hands were encased in lemon kids, and she daintly carried a lace parasol, silver card-case, and embroidered pocket handkerchief.

"Why, you dear naughty creature, why haven't you been to see me?" cried she, as Mary rose to receive her, in that artless tone, so touching in a young thing of sixty.

Then she raised her eye-glass, and her glance fell on a quiet old lady, knitting in an arm-chair by the fire. She was one of Mary's unfashionable country friends, who had come in to spend the day. Her dress was of black silk with one skirt, in the old style, and made with a surplus waist, into which was tacked a neat white ruffle fastened at the throat with a good sized breastpin, somewhat antique in pattern containing a braid of her departed husband's hair. Her own tresses, of a silvery grey, were smoothed very softly down the side of her face underneath a plain white cap. Her skin was almost infantile in its freshness and purity, and a very unworldly, kind pair of eyes looked through her blessed old spectacles. Mrs. Martin was one of those women who are not endowed with a particle of tact; in the very best spirit in the world, she was always like a dear, awkward old baby, treading upon somebody's pet corn. Now, as she gazed at the wonderful Mrs. Preston Pulsifer, a conviction seemed growing in her mind. She got up and let her knitting-ball fall on the carpet, and came over to where Mrs. Pulsifer sat.

"Why," said she, "if I can believe my eyes, this is Betty Smith that used to be! You and me were school girls together."

The magnificent Pulsifer, *nee* Smith, gave an aristocratic stare, which at last, however, softened into a reluctant look of recognition. She condescended to remember her old companion, and remarked that she had changed.

"Changed!" returned Mrs. Martin; "why, it's about time. It's nigh forty years since you and me were girls together. I can't for the life of me tell how you keep so young."

The natural color surged up under Mrs. Pulsifer's paint, and she stiffened perceptibly; but good Mrs. Martin had no sense to perceive anything under the surface.

"How is your Uncle Jabez Strong?" she inquired.

"He died long ago," returned the grand dame, distantly.

"I'm very sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Martin. "He was an excellent man. I remember he used to supply mother with butter and eggs."

This was quite too much. Mary, to save Mrs. Pulsifer the embarrassment of a reply, invited her over to a distant part of the room to examine a bronze Psyche James had just sent home.

"Wall, it beats all, if that is Betty Smith," Mrs. Martin remarked to me. "I heard her husband had grown rich on a city contract, and them Smith girls always were pretty smart; but I think she'd appear better if she was dressed more suitable to her age. She's as old as I am, every bit. Do hear her going on over that image. For my part, I don't think it's decent. It ought to have some clothes on. If it was mine I wouldn't let it be seen so; I'd just pin a towel round it."

A few minutes after the old lady approached her former friend.

"Do tell me," she broke out, "where you got them beautiful teeth? I want some myself, and I should like to go to the same place."

Mrs. Pulsifer gave a glare, and beat a hasty retreat towards the door. She was evidently afraid that similar inquiries would be made as to where she had obtained her hair, figure and complexion. I watched her as she stood on the walk, giving some hasty orders to her liveried coachman. Chagrin had brought out the gray, sharp, hollow lines of her face; the wrinkles of age all came through the paint, and for the first time I looked at the old sham with sincere pity.

PORTRAIT OF A "VINE."

BY SHAWANEBEKE.

In reading Aunt Nancy's "Vines" in the last number of your racy paper, nearly everyone must have called up "Laura Lovering's" counterpart among their own acquaintances.

I thought of several, but will describe only one, whose tendrils just now choke me. The tenacious hold of the thousand arms of "vine" is generally on the throat to strangle rather than caress.

My Vine is rather pretty, small, blue-eyed, rosy-lipped, white-teethed, gracefully swaying in physical and moral movement, reaching out to cling to any one who can feed her with cake or with flattery. But how treacherously limp she becomes when a hold is sought upon her.

The men are charmed with her helplessness; her fright at a mouse; her pretty shudder at strong-minded women; for she is stil young and we know men display rare judgment of character when confronted by youth and beauty.

The editor of the Chicago *Times* was quite right when he said that a few pretty women would have far more influence with Congress than any amount of logic could have. I wonder if we women, when "in Congress assembled," shall be quite swayed in favour of any petition if only presented by pretty young men standing in "perfect loves of boots."

But to return to Vine, for she does not like attention diverted from herself. She has a husband who is evidently persuaded he has a prize in his troublesome little ornament, and takes quite good care of her. He bought her a new ring when her mother died, and this dried her tears. He moves about from boarding-place to boarding-place, and occasionally goes to housekeeping, as her discontented nature compels; she, meanwhile, extracting from his life all repose and manly poise of character. But it is well enough for the neighbors while he is with her for her to feed upon; indeed, we rather "rejoice" in his "tribulation." When he is absent, however, we have to suffocate from the grasp of the tendrils. In she skips, her servant following with the baby to put into my arms, and she sinking into the easiest chair to be waited upon as if she were mistress of my home. Her silly talk about dresses, beaux, and the devotion of her husband, straggles on through the day, which I

had set apart for some noble use. At last, friendly night comes, and I gladly pack her off, exclaiming as I retire, "A lost day!" and feeling as weak as if the blood had been drawn from my veins; but, perhaps, the very next day, she appears again to suck out the life anew.

"I thought I must come again, you must get so tired reading and studying, and my poor husband had to go away," she says. Can she take a hint? Not at all; although you give them until you blush painfully at your own rudeness. If you hope to lessen her impromptu visits by inviting her to dinner or tea, she always "takes the liberty" to bring some of her friends. Is such a being grateful for what you afford her? Not at all. If for a moment you withdraw your support her "tendrils" pinch and the poison exudes from the peaceful parasite. Calumny, lies, spring from the pink lips which used to kiss you for the sweetness they could draw.

The Vine never has principle; policy is its life; it is never truthful, always sinuous; it is a thing without vertebrae, yet wilful and determined in the pursuit of any selfish object. It is "just crazy" with a new dress; but droops and is "so nervous" if another has a finer one.

Her husband "hates strong-minded women," and I say to him with great emphasis, looking straight into his small eyes, "Never fear! your wife will never, *never* be strong-minded." At this he bristles up, but wisely concludes not to say anything farther.

We wish men joy of their vines! We have seen noble trees in the forest killed outright by the deadly embrace of these limp, pretty things; we have seen men degenerate sadly under like infliction. It is a true adage, "If you would know a man look at his wife."

The sensuous choose chiefly for beauty of face; the tyrannical select a woman with no will-power; the avaricious take property with an encumbrance.

When in the future women, like queens, elect those whom they will favor with their love, a new, blessed era will have dawned for the world. Vines will then go to the wall.

THE SOCIAL EVIL.

BY MARY A. E. WAGER.

The failure of the Saint Louis attempt to "regulate the social evil," although evident from the outset, can be written down a "success," if it will force men to see (what they have steadily and obstinately refused to acknowledge) the quackery of that sort of treatment.

This one-sided legislation is about as idiotic a proceeding as to shingle a barn to keep a house from leaking.

It has a smack of a barbarism so rude as by its own weight to have dropped out of the records of history, that of stopping the law to mutilate the body of a murdered victim, so the assassin may have the more time to escape. It reverses one of the fundamental principles of the Christian religion," to let the oppressed go free," by bestowing that privilege upon the oppressor; for any man who lends a helping hand to the degradation and ruin of another is such.

The question now turns about and assumes a new theory: "Have these men who have muddled their brains over this social animal the *courage* to take the beast by *both* horns, and see how that experiment will succeed?" Can male sinners legislate as righteously and disinterestedly for themselves as they have for the defenceless of the "weaker sex?" What if men should suddenly betake themselves, voluntarily or by legal enforcement, to ways of virtue and honor, of being the *protectors* of women, no matter how degraded, would there be such a thing as the social evil? If men gave of their substance as willingly and liberally to open up avenues of work and fair wages to women, as they do to keep open the path that leads to sin and death, would there need to be laws to protect men from their own beastliness?

If liberty does not mean license, by what right does a man skulk by day or roam by night, seeking his own moral destruction unmolested? By what right does he aid and abet the misery, the woe, the horror of a fellow-creature, and force justice to keep silence? By what right do men arrogate the law of strength to shield them in unlawful pursuits, and visit most dire penalties upon the sharers of their guilt? Has the pertinent aphorism, "the partaker as bad as the thief," lost its flavor of truth? Is the keeper of the keys a greater criminal than he who bringeth home the plunder?

To expect the same purity of life in men as in women seems to be very sadly out of fashion among a certain class of people, and all such attempts as the St. Louis one only fosters this fashion. The interests, sympathies, love and salvation of men and women are so intertwined that it is the sheerest folly to expect anything but utter failure, and worse, from unequal or partial legislation.

The transparencies of common sense make such light work with the owlish wisdom of these would-be reformers, it is to be hoped that the public will hear no more of their grandiloquent twaddle about a subject serious enough to demand the honest attention of men a few degrees removed from idiocy.

A LEAF FROM HISTORY.

BY P. HENRI.

In the year A. D., 1705, Thomas Chalkley, an eminent preacher among the Quakers, was visiting some of his brethren at Nothingham in the province of Maryland.

"I had," he says, "a concern on my mind to visit the Indians living near Susquehannah at Conestogoe, in the province of Pennsylvania; and I laid it before the elders at the Nothingham meeting, with which they expressed their amity and promoted my visiting them. We got an interpreter, and thirteen or fourteen of us traveled through the woods about fifty miles, carrying our provisions with us, and on the journey sat down by the river, and spread our food on the grass, and refreshed ourselves and horses, and then went on cheerfully, and with good will and much love to the poor Indians; and when we came they received us very kindly, treating us civilly in their way."

"We treated about having a meeting with them in a religious way; upon this they called a council, in which they were very grave and spoke one after another without any heat or jarring, and some of the most esteemed of their women speak in their council."

"I asked our interpreter, why they suffered or permitted the women to speak in their councils?" His answer was that "*some women* were *wiser* than *some men*."

"These Indians were the nation they call Senecas. Our interperter told me they had not done anything for many years without the advice of an ancient wise woman, who, I observed spoke much in their council; for as I was permitted to be present at it, I asked what it was the woman said to him, "She looked upon our coming among them to be more than natural; because we did not come to buy or sell or get gain, but came in love and respect to them, and desired their well being both here and hereafter. She also advised them to hear us, and to entertain us kindly, and they accordingly did."

This unpretentious narrative upon which I stumbled in Rupp's old History, is very suggestive.

The untutored mind of the savage acknowledged not only the equality, but the superiority of "some women." The life of the Indians was simple and natural. They made no artificial distinctions, and had no conventional and arbitrary restrictions. They said not to one half their race "this is your sphere; in its one groove shalt thou move; thus far and no farther shalt thou go."

Notice also "they were very grave;" that is, sedate; conscious of the responsibility of their position. Moreover "they spoke one after the other without any *heat* or *jarring*." How unlike our male meetings! our so-called, civilized (?) legislative assemblies, where wrangling is the rule, and *words* and *blows* have sometimes equal share in the august deliberations!

What clearness of perception "the ancient wise woman" showed in her ready comprehension of the motives of the stranger missionary. She looked upon their coming to be "more than natural," that is supernatural, inspired by the great Spirit, for their "well being both here and hereaftar." Like the true woman everywhere and in all ages she gave her decision on the side of religion and humanity. "She advised them to hear us, and to entertain us kindly, which they accordingly did."

From the province of Pennsylvania, Senecas and kindred tribes have long since disappeared, and from the places which once knew them, twenty-six representative men go up yearly to the great council of the American nation, at Washington. Of this number, five voted the other day, to test the truth of the Indian's assertion that "some women are wiser than some men."

All honors to Morrell, Cessna, Kelly, Negley, and Schofield who dared be so unpopular as to consent to a trial of equal rights in the little District of Columbia.

Burnett's Cologne—best in America.

Burnett's Cocoaine, the best hair-dressing.

Burnett's Cooking Extracts are the best.

Burnett's Kalliston is the best cosmetic.

Whitcomb's Asthma remedy—sure cure.

—A Philadelphia critic, speaking of Nillson's vocalism, says: "We hang upon every note." This, says the dispatch, is a proof of the lady's remarkable power of *execution*.

Notes About Women.

— Salad for bored women—lettuce alone.

— Laundry wit—Flat-iron-y.

—The Queen of Denmark spends annually only $100 for new dresses.

—A good housewife's affairs are like a motion to adjourn—"always in order."

—Three hundred girls are employed in making rifle cartridges at Newhallville, Conn.

—Woman is the only female in creation who sings.

—What is the key-note to good-breeding? B natural.

—Mrs. Whipple of Ohio, is lecturing on the mothers of the future.

—An orphan girl in Virginia has just smoked herself to death, at the age of 100.

—"John Paul" sympathizes with the King of Ashantee because he has 3,331 wives.

— Grant White denies that there is any such word as help-meet.

—Misery loves company, and Isabella is going to visit Eugenie.

— The crop of divorce cases harvested in New Hampshire last year numbered only 313.

— Fashionable young ladies now write with a quill pen.

— Among the souvenirs of Miss Vinnie Ream's travels are three cameos handsomely set, gifts from Cardinel Antonelli.

— Ex-Queen Isabella, of Spain, is now reported to have attained a weight of 238 pounds, with a growing tendency to enormous adipose.

—An earnest movement is making to obtain an endowment of $500,000 for Rutgers Female College.

—Mrs. Mary Fletcher ranks next to Susannah Wesley in the calendar of female Methodist saints.

— A Chicago girl has commenced a suit against a man for "assumpsit," and claims $10,000.

—A Richmond woman wants a divorce because she has not seen her husband since he murdered her father. Some women are unreasonable and over-sensitive.

—In England ladies' gloves are now manufactured with a pocket on the inside of the palm in which money and other small articles can be carried.

— A Quaker Indian agent says female Indians can be elevated, and is of the opinion that "hoop skirts are more useful in a family than war whoops."

—Woman's Rights in England—The London *Observer* announces that Queen Victoria will personally open the coming session of Parliament.

—A new labor paper, called the *People's Advocate*, has just been started in Boston. Miss Aurora H. C. Phelps is editor and pub lisher.

—Speaking of the Treasury girls, Gail Hamilton asks: "Is there anything especially agreeable in counting greenbacks till your fingers bleed?" Few of us will ever know.

— A sharp young woman says there is nothing more touching in this life than to see a poor but virtuous young man struggling with a weak moustache.

—Marriageble maidens are so scarce in California, that it is said the young men hold raisings and erect long sheds before the old man's door to stable the horses of the numerous suitors.

—Miss Maggie Leupp, a young student and pupil of Mrs. Murray's, recently exhibited a picture at the Century Club, which is spoken of as giving signs of promise.

—Friends will remember that the Illinois, Woman Suffrage Convention takes place in Chicago, on Wednesday and Thursday of this week.

—There is a male Thug, in the eastern district of Brooklyn, who goes about after dark, stabbing women with a pen knife. Some dozen or more have been injured in this manner.

—"Two Omaha women have started a faro bank."

Matrimony is the only game of chance women have engaged in extensively heretofore; but it would appear from the above that they are extending their operations.

— A Philadelphian who invested $100 in Christmas presents to fair friends, received $7 worth of pen wipers and pulse warmers in return.

— The present scrambled style of ladies' head dress is of old origin, being the identical fashion which prevailed before the invention of combs.

— The labor reformers and woman suffrage advocates, in Massachusetts, threaten an alliance, offensive and defensive, for political purposes.

— Mrs. Yelverton expects to make the farm she has purchased in Missouri a model one. She intends to devote herself, it is said, to raising stock, and is to import cattle from England for that purpose.

— The Marquis of Lorn, who is to marry the English Princess Louise, is generously supplied with names, his cognomen being John George Edward Henry Douglas Sutherland Campbell.

—The Woman's Christian Association of Cleveland holds a list of the names of young men who are in the habit of visiting the houses of ill-fame, and intend to expose or convert them. The offenders are in agonies of trepidation.

—The New York *Mail* says:

Our society has undergone a great reaction from the finniky-over-refinement of a few years ago, and the manners and conversation of the younger set are getting to be altogether too free to be salutary. Parents don't keep half watch enough over their daughters now-a-days.

—There is one happy woman in Boston, though she does live in one little room and possesses little of this world's goods. She is happy because she has thirteen cats and loves them all.

—The next new thing in wedding cards will be having the cards sealed with wax, stamped with the family crest—a large and well-selected assortment of which is constantly kept on hand by engravers who understand the business. Are we not *waxing* aristocratic?

—The lady correspondent of the New York *Herald* says of Mrs. Colfax: "It seems a matter of no surprise that the popular Vice President, having escaped heart whole from the fascinations of Washington belles, should have selected the genial, dignified lady who presides so gracefully at his house.."

—A frank man out West, who loves truth, and nothing but the truth, has recently declared himself on the subject of his own sex. He says "women do not understand men at all, and have no conception of their general meanness of character and hidden immorality."

—About this time expect much billing and cooing. The god of Love (sometimes described as that little fellow with wings and a bow and quiver, who ought to go home and put on some clothes,) is master of ceremonies on Valentine Day.

— Phebe Riley, the authoress of "Riley's Narrative," an account of captivity among the Arabs, illustrated by engravings—a book which stood in high favor sixty years ago, or more—died in Urbana last week, aged 94 years.

— "You are very stupid, Thomas," said a country teacher to a little boy eight years old. "You are a little donkey; and what do they do to cure them of stupidity?" "They feed them better, and kick them less," said the arch little urchin.

— The *Globe* says: "Daniel McFarland, who shot Richardson, is lecturing on the 'Rights and Wrongs of Woman.' If doubts existed in the minds of any person as to Daniel's insanity, this last step should remove it. But Daniel knows much about the 'Wrongs of [one] Woman.'"

— The fashionable trimming for walking dresses and cloaks this winter is called Alaska sable. It is a beautiful fur, of a grayish brown shade. Many people are probably unaware that it is the skin of the *Mephitis Americana* or *Abenaki Seganku*, familiarly known as the skunk.

— Miss Catherine Beecher in a letter to the New York *Tribune*, repudiates the statement that she is a woman suffragist. She says she regards the measure as an act of "injustice and oppression." This is an entirely new and original objection, and worthy of the inventive brain from which it emanated.

— Devotion to public opinion was evinced by a lady aged eighty, who recently married a man of a correspondingly appropriate age, because, she said, "he comes about my house so much that if I don't marry him people will talk."

—The *Liberal Christian*, commenting on Miss Logan's reply to the Boston Committee, when invited to lecture on Sunday, which was given in the words of the command, "Six days shalt thou labor," etc., says "if it was a good answer, orthodox clergymen ought to adopt the rule, for they all work on Sunday, and are paid for so doing."

—Miss Anthony had a good time at Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska. She spoke in the chapel of the new State University to a very large audience. She was introduced by the Governor of the State, and remained a guest during her stay in the place, under his hospitable roof. She lectures at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, on the 9th of February.

—Woman suffrage makes little practical advance in Boston. A recent request of the students of the Female Medical College for permission to attend the cases of female patients in the City Hospital was promptly and unequivocally denied by the trustees of that institution.

— A departed spouse was consulted by his widow through the aid of a medium concerning a purchase she had in contemplation, and received the following answer:

"Do just as you please, because I know you will, any way. I don't forget people's dispositions, even if I have been through death. So, Nancy, do just as you please. If you want to buy, buy; and if you get into trouble by it, get out of it. You are smart enough."

This is about the only spirit ever heard from directly that did not give evidence of having lost all the sense he was endowed with here.

—We glean the following from a foreign paper:

Helen, daughter of Dr. Chalmers, lives in a low house in one of the lowest quarters of Edinburgh, spending her life in endeavoring to help her miserable neighbors to improve their condition, giving special attention to drunkards and their families. The vilest of the vile, with whom she comes in contact, treat her always with the greatest respect.

—A young lady in Hartford died last week, and on the day appointed for her funeral the body was laid upon a sofa robed in white, and looking as peaceful as if in natural sleep. Rare flowers were strewn around; but all the usual death-like emblems were carefully put aside. How much more beautiful this than the dark trappings with which "society" and "fashion" surround death.

—In the New York Legislature recently Mr. Littlejohn presented a petition from a colored woman, setting forth that, under the fifteenth amendment, she has been made a citizen (therefore the privilege of voting should be granted her), and asking for a law making provision for allowing women generally to vote. On motion of Mr. Littlejohn the petition was referred to the Judiciary Committee.

— Miss Mulock says to parents that the time must come in every family when it is the children's right to begin to think and act for themselves, and the parents duty to allow them to do it; when it is the wisest gradually to slacken authority, to sink "I command" into "I wish," and to grant large freedom of opinion and the expression of it.

— The way a Connecticut woman, in Washington, puts the question of franchise, we copy from the *Hartford Courant*:

"I wonder whether woman ought not to be enfranchised because she *can bear* children. It strikes me that it is an entirely new view of the case, and I claim the honor of discovery. The bearing of children is quite as important to the interests of a nation as the bearing of arms and much more peaceful (and painful); therefore women have a right to vote."

—There is undoubtedly a happy life before four couples who were married in Bath, England, a short time since. Brides and grooms were all four deaf and dumb, and followed the minister in his reading by running their fingers along the print, and when the all-important question was reached, "Wilt thou have," etc., they nodded their assent. Certainly quite a novel exercise with "dumb belles," and one that must result in a quiet life.

—Women's rights are looking up in Pennsylvania. A few days since the Philadelphia *Press* instanced the election of a woman as director of a bank in Wilkesbarre, in this State. It looks as though Pennsylvania was to lead in the granting of woman's rights. Mr. Anderson, of Alleghany, has introduced into the State Senate the following bill:—

An act to authorize the choice of female directors of common schools.

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., That female taxpayers of this commonwealth, over the age of twenty-one years, who shall have resided in any school district for more than one year, shall be eligible therein for election or appointment to the office of director of common schools.

— The woman suffrage movement is gaining ground rapidly in South Carolina. A permanent organization has been effected there with the following officers: President, Gov. R. K. Scott, Vice-Presidents, Hon. B. F. Whittemore, Hon. G. F. McIntyre, Gen. W. J. Whipper, Mrs. R. C. DeLarge, Hon. D. H. Chamberlain, Mrs. A. J. Ransier and Mrs. R. K. Scott. Secretary, Mrs. K. Rollin. Treasurer, Mrs. K. Harris. The Charleston *Republican* has from its foundation favored the movement, and undoubtedly has had its share in forming the sentiment which results thus actively.

—We learn that the Midnight Mission, a society belonging to this city for the rescue of fallen women, is much in want of funds. Their house of refuge on Mott street is so poorly provided that the inmates seldom taste meat, and are furnished with butter only three times a week. The diet consists principally of dry bread and weak tea, and many suffer for want of better nourishing. Few women will consent to starve in a charitable and reformatory institution, when the street offers them means of appeasing hunger; and it is a kind of mockery to get them into such places unless they can be made physically comfortable. The purpose of this charity commends itself to humane people, and it ought to be generously supported.

—Miss Anthony gets flattering notices from Western papers wherever she goes. The Wyandotte (Kansas) *Gazette* says while announcing her lecture:

"Miss Anthony's fame is world-wide, and those who have never heard her, should not miss this opportunity as they may never have another. Those who *have* heard her speak, and know her great ability, her purity of purpose, her unselfish devotion to the interests of humanity, and especially of her own sex, will need no urging from us to induce them to come out.

—The last number of Miss Becker's *Suffrage Journal*, published at Manchester, England, states that,

A very influentially-signed memorial from "Heads of houses, professors, tutors, lecturers, and fellows of colleges, in the University of Cambridge," has just been sent to the Lord President of the Committee of Privy Council on Education. The memorial prays that women may be appointed to the office of inspector of schools, and points out some of their qualifications for that responsible office.

—In a Washington theater General Garfield was so excited over the sleep-walking of Janauscheck as *Lady Macbeth*, that he vehemently grasped the back of the chair before him, and with it a portion of the curls belonging to an elaborate chignon. The consequence was that when the fair owner, at the end of the scene, threw forward her head, the whole structure came tumbling down, curls, braids, hair-pins and all.

—In connection with the statement recently made by President Pierce, of Rutgers College, that "$16,000,000 had been spent in this State for the education of men less than $1,100,000 had been bestowed upon the education of women," a friend writes to inquire whether this does not show the munificence with which the governing sex provides for the other, and whether in view of it women really need any rights of their own?

— Legal gentlemen have begun to lay down the law of flirtation, and declare that the mutuality of an engagement may be proved against a young lady "by showing that she demeaned herself as if she concurred in or approved the young man's promises or offer. It is not necessary that there should be an express promise on either side; an engagement may be evidenced by the unequivocal conduct of the parties."

— A correspondent of the New York *Star* thus describes "Boffin's Bower":

"The Bower is a bright, cheerful room, fitted up plainly and cheaply, but comfortably and tastefully. Plenty of papers and good books are at the hand of every working-woman who chooses to avail herself of the privileges of this house of pleasant rest. For an almost nominal sum the tired sewing girl, the weary young shop-woman, or the housemaid who has her Thursday evening out may rest her weary body in the cheery room, and rest her tired soul in the perusal of pleasant, instructive books or papers. At short intervals, entertainments are provided."

—The Cosmopolitan Conference, held on Sunday afternoons at the southwest corner of Bleecker street and Bowery, is increasing in interest and numbers. Many ladies attend and take part in the proceedings, their social welfare forming a prominent topic in all the meetings.

—Miss Anthony complains in her letter to Mrs. Woodhull, published in the *Tribune*, that THE REVOLUTION is as dead as a "door nail" because it does not give three cheers and a tiger over the enfranchisement of woman by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Nobody will rejoice more heartily than we shall if the fact prove true, and we have said so more than once in emphatic terms. We are ready to work for it with all our strength. There is an old adage which cautions people against crowing before they get out of the woods. In pite of Mrs. Woodhull's very able argument, we do not perceive that woman suffrage is quite out of the woods yet, although daylight is beginning to show through the trees. As to THE REVOLUTION's being defunct, all we have to say is that anybody who undertakes to bury it will find it a remarkably lively corpse.

—The war over Miss Ream's statue has failed until now to give us what we have desired from the first, the candid, unbiased opinions of eminent art critics. However skillful our rulers may be in their own line, their judgment on æsthetics is not always to be trusted, to which fact many of the painted and sculptured effigies in the capitol of the nation bear melancholy witness. On the other hand, it is very mean to jump at the conclusion that because Congress bestowed the commission on a woman it was necessarily done through favoritism. The papers are full of miserable slurs on the "sculping female," and the marvellous execution of Miss Ream's bright eyes. At last, however, we have the whole history of the work now on exhibition in the rotunda, through the columns of the Washington *Chronicle*. Instead of taking over to Europe a bungled and almost formless mass of clay for model, it proves that Miss Ream, during two laborious years, worked diligently upon the statue; that the anatomical figure was submitted to competent critics before it was draped; that during the time the work was going on the young artist's studio was visited by hundreds of persons, many of them eminent in the world of art; that Hon. O. H. Browning, Secretary of the Interior, whose task it was to pass judgment upon the model, was a total stranger to Miss Ream; that Congress took especial pains to have the model critically inspected before it left the country; that while in Europe it received the warm enconiums of such artists as Healy, Kellogg and W. W. Story. If jealousy and spite have directed the savage attacks against Miss Ream—her work proving really worthy of praise—it will come in full measure, and bring only confusion of face to those who have sought to do her harm.

Our Mail Bag.

THE TRUE POLICY.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

The recent advice given by THE REVOLUTION to those women who are trying to obtain the suffrage, not to consider themselves either Republicans or Democrats, strikes us as sound and worthy of heed. Ignored as we are by both parties, and as is well known, possessing warm friends in both, let us press our claims to the utmost, simply as woman suffragists. The great questions which have heretofore divided the people into these two bodies have most of them been settled; so that the momentous topic of the present hour is without doubt woman suffrage; but as neither party will accept it as an issue, let us as decidedly refuse to use what influence we now possess in any manner for Republicans or Democrats, as such.

Not long since a young lady who has taken a somewhat active part in the "woman movement" made inquiries in reference to clerkships for women in a certain state legislature. On being informed that there were no chances for them now, she read the following from her gentlemanly informant: "Just lend the Democratic party a helping hand in our next political campaign, and the avenues to clerkships, etc., will be opened."

From this remark we can see plainly that men are beginning to realize that those women who can use the pen or voice, or both, are wielding a power not to be gainsayed, and far exceeding that of the *spherical* revolution around some son of Adam, to which *alone* some of the musty conservatives would fain consign us.

As regards such suggestions, such invitations to assist the one or the other party, let each and all of us reply most emphatically: "Never, good sirs, will we give you aught of our assistance, by word or deed, till you place yourselves avowedly and unmistakably upon the platform of woman suffrage."

For years have we given the *limited* influence that we have possessed to forward the desires and political successes of our brothers. The past five years have vastly increased our avenues of influence, but we do not longer propose using them for the benefit of those who persist in ignoring our rights as citizens; who coolly tax us, and then say we shall have no representation; who make laws to govern us without our consent, and then punish us if we do not obey; who scatter the property of a woman among the kindred of her husband, and with supreme fiendishness snatch her children from her arms to deliver them to strangers; who, in short, trample upon every principle of a true republican government, and build up a system of caste founded on sex alone.

Our *new* "ways and means," our best thoughts and most eloquent words, our persevering energies and most fervent prayers are to be used henceforth in behalf of the cause of woman. This is her day, this the hour of her struggle for release from a time-honored bondage. And to the attainment of this noble end shall not all of us consecrate ourselves with renewed zeal, and knowing no such word as *fail*, no such thought as discouragement, press on with determination to the *fast-nearing* goal.

Very truly yours, JANE O. DE FOREST.

OFFICIAL HONESTY.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

NEW HAVEN, Feb. 6, 1871.

Miss Lizzie Van Lew, Postmistress of Richmond, Va., has taken the right position in deciding that a letter mailed at that office, bearing the frank of a Congressman who is not in the city, will require the usual postage to carry it further on its way. She is certainly upheld in her course by the opinions of the people, and it would be well if a few of the *postmasters* of our country should follow her example. It is fully time for a stop to be put to the gross frauds, the flagrant misconduct, and the untold bribery and corruption of many of our officers, representatives, and leading men.

Far better would it be were voters to inquire more about the character and qualifications, rather than the wealth and politics, of those whom they ask to represent or govern them. There would then be much less talk and more justice done. How seldom is it that a man is elected to an office, the duties of which he is the one best fitted to perform! How seldom is a poor man, or one in humble circumstances called to represent his town or district, when, as is often the case, his judgment is better and his morals purer than those of the one who is selected! He that uses his money freely, or that can make the most flattering speech, is generally the man that wins. This ought not to be so, and a great change must be brought about before pure and impartial justice will be dispensed.

We may continue to talk about it for years, to denounce and threaten; but nothing will be done until the people, weary and disgusted with the present state of affairs, shall determine that they will no longer be bribed, nor blindly and servilely submit to the dictations of any man or any party. The working class should be more fully represented, and our legislators must be taught to advocate the opinions and wishes of the people, rather than their own private views and desires. When the great body of women shall be enfranchised, and that day we feel assured is not far distant, we know not what changes will occur, but we may reasonably expect that fewer unworthy persons will be elected to office, that the right will oftener triumph, and that the laws will be more faithfully executed, and with less expense to the country. Yours, for the right,

M. S. WILSON.

FAMILY COMFORT *vs.* MASONRY.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

BLOOMINGTON, ILL., Jan 16th, 1871.

In compliance with the request of "Minnie," (San Francisco, Cal.,) in THE REVOLUTION of Jannary 12th, I would like to cite a few instances under my observation, and give a few of my ideas of the so-called "Sons of Light."

A young married man of my acquaintance, just starting out in life, could hardly afford his wife the necessary funds to visit her invalid mother, yet with a willing hand took thirty dollars from his pocket to learn the "pass words" and "grips" of the Masons.

Mrs. M—— says the Lodge has caused more trouble in her family than anything else during a married life of twenty years.

Mr. B——, a man in poor circumstances, can hardly afford his wife a few dollars to buy necessaries during a severe illness brought on by over exertion in her efforts to help support a large and growing family, yet, I am told, pays his dues regularly to the Masonic lodge. Masonry may be very convenient sometimes in concealing the short-comings of some of its members, as was the case in a divorce suit here not long since. As soon as a prominent member became involved in it it subsided; how much "hush money" was paid I will leave you to guess, as I am obliged myself to do.

I might cite many more instances, within my knowledge, where Masonry has proved a curse to the poor man's wife, and served as a cloak to cover up the rich man's discrepances. The only woman I have ever known (whose husband was a Mason) who believed in the "Glorious Art of Masonry" was Mrs. S——, and the secret of her friendliness might have been seen stretched across her back-yard every other Monday in the shape of a clothes line, with innumerable little white patches with dangling strings floating therefrom, for which service she received her dollar and a half a dozen.

I noticed not long since in a Masonic periodical, an article on the devotion of Masons to their lodges. The adornments for one room of the kind cost the snug little sum of twenty-two thousand dollars. The question arises in my mind, would not the money paid by poor Masons to buy these same adornments be better spent in adorning, or even buying, necessary articles for their homes, where they could be seen and appreciated by their families? In the same periodical I noticed this: "A Mason has duties to his friends, to his neighbors, and to his family; but above all, is his duty to his lodge." I have heretofore been led to believe that a man's first duty was to his family.

As my lot has been cast in this life among the "hewers of wood and drawers of water," you must supply all deficiencies in grammar and punctuation; but seeing Minnie's communication I thought a chord had been struck that would reverberate in the hearts of many working women. Hoping you will find room in your valuable paper for this, I remain yours, with heartfelt wishes for your future prosperity.

MOLLIE.

WORDS OF CHEER FROM THE WEST.

Fond du Lac, Jan. 29th, 1871.

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Your paper comes like the first balmy breeze of spring, the first robin song, the tiny wood pink from under the snow, bright sunny days and rare sunsets, bringing sweet hopes and gladening our hearts with the fair prospect before us. It is good to learn something of woman—that she is opening broad avenues of usefulness and work—that she has unbarred the door so long closed against her, and walks beside her brother to the highest educational attainments, that she has dared to step out of the four walled "sphere" into honorable persuits with creditable success, and yet there is much to do, and with a God-loving Providence above us may woman never falter until the consummation of this great work.

Mrs. Van Cott has been holding revivals here the past three weeks, with marked success, every afternoon and evening the house is filled to overflowing. She is a woman of great force and eloquence, and through her wonderful exhortations she brings many to

repentance. Five years ago she believed that "woman should keep silence in the church." With wonderful pathos she related the story of Mary first at the Cross and first at the Sepulchre; she says, "O, what am I, that I cannot speak?" The interest here in behalf of woman is steadily advancing.

Mrs. Stanton's lecture, before an audience of fourteen hundred, has wrought a perceptible change in favor of the great cause.

Yours truly, MRS. D. H.

LABOR REFORM AND WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 24, 1871.

"In the presence of this vast despotism we say liberty."

"We are all sovereigns in this country."

"The subjection of women in China is the cause of the degradation of the men!"

Such were some of the expressions given utterance to in the Labor Reform Convention, held in Elliot Hall, Boston, Sunday and Monday, January 22nd, and 23rd. The speakers were wide awake, and fully alive to a sense of the responsibility which rests upon them, reflecting credit upon themselves and the cause for which they work so untiringly, although a closer adherence to practicality would benfit all concerned. The attendance was good, and the close attention of the audience throughout proved that interest in the movement was deep and sincere; and when the cause of woman was introduced not a dissenting voice was heard, but all defended her nobly, thereby proving themselves worthy citizens of a free and noble Republic, where *all* are entitled to vote. That "Truth is mighty and must prevail," is proved by the apparently unconscious introduction into the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the Constitution of the United States, of certain clauses which unequivocally give woman the right to vote unless, instead of "persons," some brilliant statesmen, by a "special act of legislation" denominate them "myths," "creatures of the imagination," but even then I think they will prove troublesome, for unless the "India rubber conscience" of the aforesaid statesmen is favored, it will give out after a few such tremendous stretches in the meantime I wait patiently for news of the surrender at Washington.

Yours truly, MARION.

PROGRESS IN MISSOURI.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

LOUISIANA, MISSOURI, Jan. 30th, 1871.

Augusta Cooper Bristol, who was lecturing in Wisconsin last summer, is now a resident of this city, and has delivered a new discourse before the Lyceum, which was largely and well attended. Her second lecture has the advantage over the first, of being more directly practical, though both are founded upon transcendental speculation. Love, according to her philosophy, is the fundamental principle of all sentiment and action, but it is only when directed to universal aims that love is exalted into duty, and becomes the legitimate sovereign of the human heart. She proceeded to apply the test thus furnished to the conduct of the sexual relations, denouncing with boldness and vigor the practices of marriage and propagation when opposed to natural law, and the course of education and the social customs whereby the girls were led to think the selfish prudence of providing themselves with husbands, the chief end of their existence. She spoke principally to men, because, under existing conditions, the problem for woman was not so much whether she ought to conform to the law of duty, as whether she could. Her speech excited an immense sensation, and has met with universal encomiums from which you will infer that this is quite a radical city. The columns of the local newspapers were offered to the lecturer for the publication of her entire essay, but for reasons best known to herself, this measure is deferred.

Yours truly, C. L. JAMES.

IS IT IN GOOD TASTE?

To the Editor of The Revolution:

Hygienically considered, the difference in the costumes worn by male actors, singers, etc., before the public, and those worn by women of the same profession, is simply senseless and ridiculous. That the one, intrinsically stronger and more vigorous, should be well and suitably clad, while the other, with arms and shoulders bare, or partially so, makes the audience shiver in sympathy with her, form one of the social or physical questions that can only be well answered by removing the cause for the questioning.

Whatever does violence to the feelings is an outrage on taste; and in mid-winter no one can enjoy seeing a woman for whom he has any regard appear in public anywhere in a style *decollete*, which is only a fashionable word for "half-clad."

However muscular and admrably formed a man may be, nobody craves a public exhibition of it upon the stage or rostrum. Indeed the weaker portion of an audience would grow faint at the sight of a basso with his coat off. Much as we admire finely turned arms and noble, queenly shoulders, the best of us—and the most of us—prefer to see them properly taken care of.

So long as the public does not demand an unseemly and unsuitable costume on the lyric stage, why do women who have risen to the height of prima donna persist in wearing unhealthful, as well as immodest apparel? The fussing with small wraps, robing and disrobing the arms and shoulders between performances, are all very annoying and unpleasant to see on the part of the audience.

Moreover, a woman may be a long way removed from a prude, and yet feel uncomfortable at the sight of one of her own sex displaying her physical endowments from her head to her waist, at every unwary inclination of her body on the stage. Modest and suitable apparel worn by public women will go a great way in removing the popular prejudice inimical to their honesty and virtue.

Then, too, should not all true artists hesitate to offend the good taste of the public, when it has any? And is the style of dress in vogue among our women singers in keeping with good taste?

Truly yours, M. A. E. W.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE AND THE HERALD.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

The following extracts from an editorial, occupying more than a column of the New York Daily *Herald*, of January 13th, need no comment, they preach themselves:

"We are reminded of the famous and lovely nymph Salmacis, of mythology, who assailed a gentleman reluctant to yield to her charms, and was rebuked by the poet with the words, "*Salmaci da spolia sine sudore et sanguine*" ("Give Salmacis the spoils without sweat or bloodshed, sir"). What is the use of resisting the irresistible? If the drawing room invades the forum what weapons can we clutch to avert the inevitable and delightful doom? The witty and profound Aristophanes saw this centuries ago. His best, though naughtiest, comedies are all founded on the idea that the women would organize themselves politically and supersede benighted man, who was ruining the State by his masculine thick-headedness. Man is not, perhaps, exactly ruining the State with us, but he is doing harm enough to make help welcome from any quarter. If the ladies have got it to give we shall welcome them gladly enough to the political arena.

When the ladies do get fairly and completely inside politics we should not wonder if public affairs became so earnest that it will be a statutable misdemeanor, at the least, to laugh at any political personage or subject. When we think of such a prospect as that we do not know whether to laugh or cry at it beforehand. Anyhow if we do become a little more serious we shall perhaps better discharge than we are doing now what Carlyle once declared to be the prime object of politics, to get scoundrels well hanged. It is a melancholy truth that we do not hang our scoundrels quickly enough just now. We are all, therefore, fairly warned. Let us put our houses and our morals and our countenances in order without delay. The serious and female age in politics is advancing quickly, and the Ten Commandments will probably have a good deal more to say than they have had for some time past in the working of the politics and the Constitution of the United States."

And it occurred to me that the above might interest some of the readers of THE REVOLUTION, who do not have access to the dailies, as showing how the "gone coons" *are* coming down, as gracefully as that ungainly animal, fattened on "stolen corn" could be expected to do.

Only I am a good deal amused that the poor man "does not know whether to laugh or cry." If the wail that goes up from this editorial *is* a laugh it is out of the wrong side of the mouth."

When he gets fairly over this laugh, he will undoubtedly then be ready, as a woman is after "a good cry," to "set his house, his morals, and his countenance in order," for "the good time coming;" which even he predicts, under the co-equal reign and rule of women.

Men have heretofore insisted that "Beauty" did not have—would not have—and should not have anything to do with the "Ballot;" only with the "Beasts" but lo! there is a time for all things;" and here we have them *at last*, connected.

Yours truly, LEWIS.

THE TEST VOTE IN CONGRESS.

A Washington correspondeat writes as follows: "I was fortunate enough to be in the House of Representatives when the test vote was taken, and to watch the members who were undecided how to vote, and to see how surprised they were as the vote increased was very amusing. I think if it could be taken again it would be increased at least *one-third*. I was agreeably disappointed to find that there were so many friends who would dare record their votes in the affirmative. * * * The fact is it is becoming popular to be on the right side of the question. I am surprised to find what a revolution has been wrought this winter, and I give Mrs. Woodhull great credit for it. * * *

"The Woman's Bureau is doing quite a work. Mrs. Grant was expected to be present at the meeting held last Thursday, and to sign Mrs. Hooker's 'Declaration.' But she did not quite dare to attend. Mrs. Creamer (Grant's sister) was there, and assured the ladies that Mrs. Grant was thoroughly with them in sentiment, and when asked by Mrs. Sherman to sign her 'Memorial' had declined, because she had no sympathy with their movement."

The Revolution.

LAURA CURTIS BULLARD, EDITOR.

All Persons are invited to send to this journal, from all parts of the world, facts, comments, resolutions, criticisms, reports, and items concerning woman's education, employments, wages, disabilities, enfranchisement, and general welfare. Communications should be accompanied by the names of the writers, not always for publication, but as a guarantee of authenticity. The editor is not responsible for the opinions of contributors, and invites a wide freedom and diversity of speech. Rejected manuscripts will not be returned except when accompanied by the requisite postage stamps. All letters should be addressed to The Revolution Association, Box 3093, New York City. Principal Office, No. 31 Union Place, corner of Sixteenth street, New York. Branch Office (where the office-editor may be found daily), No. 11 Fulton street, near Fulton Ferry, Brooklyn.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 16, 1871.

MISS FRANCES POWER COBBE.

The works of many English writers of the present age are far better known, and more extensively read, in America than in England. Especially is this true of books of a speculative and philosophical character. Herbert Spencer and John Stuart Mill have a large audience in their own country, but a far larger one in ours. The writings of Maurice Kingsley and Frederick Robertson are more familiar to our people than to their own countrymen. And the same may be said of Miss Cobbe as of the authors we have already named, that while she has appreciative readers not a few in her own England, she has a far larger, if not more enthusiastic circle of admirers in America.

Alas, that we must make the disgraceful confession that our country, prodigal as it is of praise to its English favorites, appreciative as it is, often recognizing the genius of a British author before his own land has awarded him his true place, as in the case of Robert Browning, is yet so ungenerous as to withhold from its favorites the just material recompense due to that severest of all labor, brain work that it refuses to make any provision for securing to authors the right to the pecuniary reward they have so fairly earned. We read, admire and praise our favorite authors, but we do not *pay* them their copyright!

Very frequently we have asked of foreign writers, whose works we know to be household words in America, if they had received any pecuniary benefit from this large circulation of their books, and the reply has been the same that we received from George Sand, "Not a penny." In the presence of such ill-used authors one feels ashamed of his own country, so liberal in its rewards for all the mechanic arts, and so niggardly in its dealings with artists.

Miss Cobbe is no exception to the general rule of widely read and poorly paid authors in America. One of her earliest works, "Intuitive Morals," was so enthusiastically received and so eagerly read that is impossible to find a copy of the early editions on sale. A new one would no doubt be as rapidly disposed of.

Miss Cobbe has a clear brain, a close and pitiless power of reasoning, and a style at once simple, graceful and vigorous, which carries her reader captive, however much he may be disposed to disagree with her theories. One of the most orthodox of American divines, who had the firmest faith in the belief that Miss Cobbe was a heretic of the most dangerous sort, once said to us: "Her work, 'Broken Lights,' is the ablest statement on that side of the question ever made."

He made not a single masculine exception to this declaration. Like Theodore Parker, he felt that she had the clearest head and most logical mind he had ever encountered, and gave no thought to the accident of sex. It has been the fashion to say a great deal about the masculine and feminine intellect, to point out with mathematical precision what qualities of grace, sweetness, fancy and other peculiarities, marked the feminine brain, and what force, dignity, loftiness, etc., characterized the masculine intellect.

The writings of such women as Miss Cobbe, Mrs. John Stuart Mill, Miss Martineau, and others we could name, are a triumphant refutation of the absurd and finely spun theories of man on this subject. The simple truth seems to be that intellect, like genius, knows no sex.

But though these able women may write like men, or as strongly as men, they are none the less "pure womanly." To no wife of ancient or modern times was there ever a more beautiful tribute paid than to Mrs. Mill; nor was there a tribute paid to any woman by a nobler man than John Stuart Mill—a man whom all womankind, from America to Russia, delight o honor.

And of Miss Cobbe it may with equal truth be said that she is no less charming as a woman than she is able as a writer. With all her learning, not a tinge of pedantry stains her manners and conversation. With all her deep thought on the profoundest of subjects, the playfulness of her fancy and the sparkle of her wit would almost make one forget, when in her society, that he was in the presence of one who had dealt such sturdy blows at old time theologies as to make them quiver from trunk to topmost twig.

From an interview with her one would bring away a more vivid recollection of her sallies of wit, and her hearty and contagious laugh, than of her literary successes. Miss Cobbe is no longer young, though her blonde hair shows no traces of silver threads; she is inclined to be stout in figure, and her face is irregular in features, but full of expression, full of vivacity, full of charm. Under the spell of her conversation, charmed by her keen Irish humor and her clear good sense, one forgets to ask what is the form of the casket that contains this most vital of natures.

Her home in London is on one of the many squares which redeem that crowded city from utter ugliness. In a cosy little house in this location she and a lady friend have lived for some years together. The snug drawing-room is the abode of comfort; its easy chairs tempt one to lounge; its pictures, books, engravings and photographs tempt one again to leave lounging for their examination, and a writing-desk on a table drawn up before a sofa suggests that the presiding genius of the place is herself no idler. Indeed Miss Cobbe has more literary engagements than she can fill without constant work, and she has continual invitations to do more than she possibly can.

Some years ago, when Mr. Ripley of the *Tribune* called upon Miss Cobbe, he found her utterly indifferent to the woman question. But that is no longer the case. As she herself told us, she was converted to the doctrine of woman's rights by Samuel J. May, so that we, American women, owe to that good and able man an additional debt of gratitude; to that which was already due to him for his early advocacy of our cause we must add the great service he has rendered us in enlisting under our banner such a champion as Frances Power Cobbe.

She now writes much, and always well, on the woman question, and she knows how to skillfully coat the pill of new ideas, which is always so apt to stick in the throats of mankind, with a palatable covering of wit or humor, which disguises the nauseous taste entirely. Perhaps a truth was never more neatly put than when she wrote: "If the lower animals were made primarily for themselves, and secondarily only for the use of man, it seems highly probable that the same rule of creation may apply to woman."

It is devoutly believed by the majority of the lords of creation in England, that woman was made especially for man's pleasure and comfort; that she was an afterthought of the Creator when he wished to surround his favorite, man, with everything which could add to his happiness.

"The Bible teaches this," cry out the orthodox; "it is rank heresy to dispute the proposition. God saw that it was not good for man to be alone, and so sent to him the woman as his companion."

Free-thinking Germany and orthodox England unite in holding this cardinal article of faith, that woman was made to pursue the occupation with which Eve at once busied herself, in providing garments for man, preparing his food, rearing his children and making him a home. Her immortal soul was bestowed upon her mainly that she might be a more useful and agreeable servant to him than the other animals on earth, and that he might have her companionship, even after earth was exchanged for heaven.

Are there not sane men, even in liberal America, who, if they would reject this idea when expressed in the form in which we have put it, yet hold that woman, to be true to her nature, mnst be supplemental to man. Do they not repeat continually that the sphere of woman is home? That to make that spot the most blessed one on earth to a man is the highest work she can possibly do, and should satisfy her loftiest aspirations? Are we not taught from earliest infancy that a woman must find her true vocation, and will secure her purest happiness in ministering to others, and ignoring her own tastes and wishes where they conflict with those of her father, brother, sons or husband?

But is there not some danger of our forgetting that, like her brother man, woman is first required to present herself, body and spirit, an acceptable sacrifice to God? Her first duty, then, being the development of her own character, the perfecting of herself mentally, morally and physically, it seems tolerably evident that God, in her creation, had some higher and grander purpose than to make of her a capable and willing serf for thirty, forty or sixty years, as the case may be, to her fellow-mortal, man.

Miss Cobbe's own life proves that a woman may make an individual existence full, free happy and useful. She, no more than we would deny that a happy and congenial marriage is a crown of blessedness to the lives of both men and women; but she would, like us,

indignantly repel the theory that marriage is or should be to woman the end and aim of earthly existence, any more than it should be to man.

In a world where, from the disproportion of the sexes, it was the evident intention of the Creator (unless we accept the polygamous theory which finds, we hope, few advocates, outside of Utah) that many women should lead independent and solitary lives. The example, therefore, of such of the sex as have found scope for their intellectual faculties, employment which has given zest to their days and interest in work, which has enlarged not their hearts alone but their whole natures, is of inestimable value to their sisters.

There has been no lack of such women in every generation, and in our own time Miss Cobbe is only one among many for whom we thank God, and take courage. Florence Nightingale, Miss Martineau, Harriet Hosmer and Miss Cushman are only a few of the long list of the sisterhood whom all mankind delight to honor, and whose lives abundantly prove that a woman's career need not be an absolute failure if she is not, in the bonds of wedlock, made an adjunct to a man.

ALICE CARY.

The announcement that the sweet woman-singer, the best-loved poet, passed away from earth on Sunday morning, Feb. 12th, will cause sincere mourning in innumerable households. Her illness was very long and excruciating in its anguish; but she bore it with heroic fortitude, and never ceased to breathe pure and noble thoughts into poems that carried an unspeakable pathos to those who knew of her days and nights devoid of eases, racked with pain, while the cup of suffering was filled to the last drop.

Mr. Greeley's prediction that Alice Cary's "melody would not cease to flow until song and singer were together hushed in the grave," has proved literally true. The pen only dropped from the loving, assiduous finger, when death came to clothe her in more glorious "singing garments."

The influence of Miss Cary's writings has ever been pure, noble and elevating. Her sympathies were enlisted early on the side of humanity and progress. She did not live in a narrow ideal paradis like Tennyson, but every human heart-beat, and wail or sob of suffering found response in her sympathetic nature, interfused and permeated with genius. Her songs have gone singing themselves through the world; and, like the blessed influences of nature, bird music, gurgling brooks, the breath of flowers, the waving of forest boughs, have carried refreshment and blessedness everywhere. No writer of our day has made herself so personally dear to thousands of hearts through the inspirations of her pen as Alice Cary; and the fact that never again will "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" come to us, bearing the signature of that loved name, makes the world vastly poorer, and seems to steal away some of the preciousness of daily life. Alice Cary's utterances had become a common good. Poetry was her natural expression. She wrote more voluminously than almost any other author of her time; but her work ever bore evidence of loving care, devotion to the highest ideal, and that enthusiasm which is the genius of fidelity.

In the region of sentiment and description Miss Cary certainly stands first among the female poets of America. She was richly endowed with that subtle insight into human emotion which, together with the purest faith in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of Man, the preciousness of the soul, the native worth of human nature, the glowing hope of humanity, gave her a philosophy of life that shed a balm into multitudes of suffering and world-weary hearts.

What this loss has been to her wide circle of personal friends it is impossible to estimate. Her evening receptions, unique in their kind, were the bond that held together a large number of people of the most diverse talents, pursuits, and opinions in a kind of social court where all paid beautiful deference to the gifted woman who created it. No one who has ever attended those reunions can forget the presence of the hostess, so lovely, with large sad, introspective eyes, diffusing an atmosphere around her which cannot be described, but which all who came into her presence felt made them better.

No other home in New York was more beautiful—more freely opened to extend hospitality of heart and mind, as well as that of a more material kind, and to lend encouragement to the struggling, and the unfriended, than the one ruled over by this loved singer. Up to the last while the "rift" was widening that made the "music mute," her friends had hours of sweet communion with her, the memory of which will be a precious heritage now that she has passed on up higher.

Where a sister sits in loneliness and grief which the stranger cannot know, or even guess at, thousands will send their reverent heartfelt sympathy, thousands will feel that they have lost a beloved household friend; but the legacy of sweet thoughts she has left the world will go singing down the years to come, in unforgotten lays that can know no touch of mortal blight, no shadow of decay.

THE NEW ERA.

The very ingenious assault made upon Congress by Mrs. Woodhull's argument claiming for women the right to vote under the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments to the Constitution; the capturing of a great Congressional gun in the form of Gen. Butler, who, with Judge Loughridge, of Iowa, has presented a minority report of the House Judiciary Committee, asking Congress to pass a declaratory law allowing women to vote; the adverse majority report by Mr. Bingham, which, while it claims that Congress has no jurisdiction over the matter, does not deny that the Courts can settle it in favor of women; the fact that fifty-five members of the House recently voted to give women the ballot in the District of Columbia all indicate that the cause has made an advance throughout its whole line.

Our short-sighted adversaries, who think to injure the movement by crying out every now and then that it has stagnated and is dying of inanition, will not be likely in the future to have the smallest pretext afforded them for making such misstatements of facts. There are women—numbers of them, doubtless—who stand ready to contest their claims to votes in the Courts if their ballots are denied at the polls, and the legal settlement of the question as to whether we have or have not a clear and undoubted right to vote under the Constitution, as it now exists, will keep matters lively, and feed that healthy agitation which O'Connell declared was inseparable from all progress.

At first, the cause of woman suffrage went on foot, and haltingly at that. Its rate of locomotion has gradually increased until now we may say, that steam has been applied, and the goal cannot be far distant. The public will be kept constantly stirred up by practical modes of attack, and a very marked advance in the education of opinion may undoubtedly be anticipated.

Perhaps the subject has passed beyond the period of talk, and reached that of work. If so, we heartily rejoice at the dawning of the new era.

SHALL VICE BE PAMPERED?

As we desire that both sides and all sides of the various questions of which we treat shall have a fair and impartial hearing, we this week publish the communication of a lady who brings forward arguments in support of the legalization of the Social Evil. She has, we think, misunderstood the tendency of Mrs. E. M. King's letter, which recently appeared in THE REVOLUTION, and gives some facts concerning the subjected district of Woolwich.

Mrs. King plainly proves that although the outward semblence of decency is greater, owing to the constant surveillance of officers of the law, the infection of vice is rapidly spreading; the number of abandoned women in the town has increased since the Acts went into operation, and no matter what the external appearance of things may be, this fact brands such legislative enactments as infamous.

It is one thing for the British army to be composed of officers, privates, and dissolute women, and another thing for the British Parliament to virtually declare that it must of necessity be so composed. There is nothing more appalling, in the aspect of the times, than the support and protection given by grave legislative bodies to perhaps the worst vice now existing in the world.

The suggestion regarding the employment of women physicians to conduct the examinations would be a good one were not the whole plan worse than useless so long as only one half of the infected persons receive any treatment, whatever. This effort to make gross sin clean and healthy is utterly abominable. If physical taint could by any possibility be avoided, the moral infection would take deeper hold. Moral laws cannot be cheated. In European countries, where registration has been tried under the most favorable conditions for success, the system has proved a failure. An article in a recent number of the *Independent*, goes into French statistics connected with the matter, and shows that with a police organization, the best in the world, very little has ever been really accomplished for prevention or cure, while crime has received a specious and alluring dress tending to thoroughly corrupt French morals.

The folly of cutting an evil in two, and attempting to doctor one half of it, that the other half may more surely spread and grow is too evident to need comment. Christian women, earnest women, thoughtful women ought not to be squeamish about raising their voices against this revolting crime.

THOSE WHO WOULD HINDER.

The weak and unprotected condition of the negro after the shackles of slavery were struck off demanded immediate enfranchisement. The same necessity in kind, if not in degree, exists in regard to woman. Physically she is weaker than man, and her long subjection has fastened upon her a multitude of man-made evils that increase the powerlessness of her condition.

"The suffrage," says an eminent English advocate of the cause, "is in politics what fire-arms are in war, a weapon as powerful in a weak hand as in a strong one, leveling the inequalities of individual strength, and giving an even chance to the weakest. Woman might use it to claim justice, the only sure defence of the weak, not for herself only, but for all who are oppressed and down-trodden in the struggle of life; to strengthen the right which ought to be might, against the might which asserts itself might."

It is vain to hope that without the ballot the generosity of man will ever accord woman full justice. The chains upon her limbs are cemented by too much passion, prejudice and love of power. Even were the laws bearing upon her in the main just, to shut her out from a participation in the act of making them would itself be unjust.

The perfect equality of the sexes will be attained when woman stands by the side of man with a ballot in her hand. The protection of life, liberty, person and property guaranteed, the fact that man may have the largest brain and stoutest arm will avail but little. These considerations have no place whatever in the discussion, and have only been lugged in to confuse and embarrass the advocates of simple human rights.

Miss Catherine Beecher has just published a letter in which she claims that it is an unjust and oppressive act to force women to vote who do not want to vote. It is the first time we ever heard that any compulsion was likely to be used towards those who object to exercising their privileges. Miss Beecher has worked herself into a nervous tremor over an imaginary danger, but the wrongs of which the disfranchised woman complains are fearfully real. The mother whose child has been torn from her arms by the interposition of a brutal law, and placed in the guardianship of strangers, can cry out in bitterness of spirit against Miss Beecher, and all who join with her, for striving, by their hysterics and sentimental nerve shivers, to hinder the first movement ever calculated to make a stand against this monstrous injustice, and give to the mother the ownership of her child.

The working woman whose hard-earned money is taken from her legally by a brutal, besotted, drunken husband, to feed the cravings for gin, or minister to his sensual passions, can bring a heavy charge against those who would deprive her of the only power by which she is at all likely in the future to secure her earnings to her own use. There are millions of poor working women, who are ground under the heel of oppressive employers, asking for better compensation; and whether they know it or not, their condition will never be materially improved until they get the ballot.

Do not the facts concerning them call up heavy condemnation for those who attempt to turn back the tide of sympathy in favor of woman's enfranchisement? Fortunately better counsels have so far prevailed that the effort strikingly resembles Mrs. Partington's attempt to sweep out the ocean with a broom.

LOVE AND LOYALTY.

It is very fortunate that the number of women who do not need the friendship of other women is but small. Such cases as can be pointed out scarcely illustrate the best type of womanhood. They reserve every grace and charm for the society of men, and inspire the same indifference, to use no stronger term, in the bosoms of their sisters that they themselves manifest.

The normal woman loves other women, and depends much upon their comfort and sympathy. There is a very large territory in woman's life and experience which might be marked "unexplored," so far as most men are concerned, and here, on this common ground, she meets her female friend. The dangers and the delights of such intercourse are greatly due to the ease with which confidential relations are established. Women care but little for a formal intercourse which does not enable them to speak out some of the cherished convictions of the heart, or impart portions of life history. The peril lies in pouring secrets into foolish ears. Many women lavish personal experiences—things effecting themselves and others in moments of confidence which repeated over afterwards in cold blood, do them infinite harm. There is a class of women whose lives are so vacant, that without being really ill-natured or malicious, they cannot forbear from peddling to the public the confidences of their friends for the sake of a momentary excitement.

Men, on the other hand, do not find it necessary to unbosom themselves to each other, until they have taken many degrees in the freemasonry of friendship. There is a kind of small change of good will in use among them which does not go very far perhaps, but still is very safe and convenient. Men know too much of the male nature to deliberately put reputation and peace of mind in the power of other men, unless their trust rests upon the firmest foundations. Many women have this species of caution to acquire, and they suffer from false friendships, misplaced confidences, and sundered ties.

All the talk which we hear about the catlike propensities of women—their treachery towards their own sex is, we believe, untrue The betrayals, such as we have named, come more frequently from thoughtlessness and are the results of idleness and vacuity of mind, rather than any deliberate wickedness. We must acknowledge that many women need an education of the conscience in little things. Promises and matters of trust do not appear as sacred in their eyes as they do in the eyes of men, because the latter attach a business value to such things of which women know nothing. A man's standing and reputation would be injured fatally were it known that he betrayed the confidence of those with whom he might happen to have dealings. How would a lawyer stand who should go about whispering the secrets of his clients, or a doctor who should make a practice of retailing all he might know of his patients? When women are admitted to a more active participation in the business of life, we believe they will gain in fidelity.

We would exhort women to greater loyality towards each other. Assuredly it is base for people to meet and kiss with every demonstration of the warmest affection, and then go away and tell even the true things they may happen to know of those they call friends, but which it is unkind and worse than useless to mention. There is an element of sacredness in hospitality. Mrs. Jones may be a sloven, but we have no business to go to her house and spy out the dirty corners, in order that we may speak of them to Mrs. Smith. If we visit Mrs. Jones at all, we are bound in honor to keep silent concerning the peeps we may get behind the domestic scenery. The merest surface acquaintance demands as much loyalty as this, and friendship, unless it is a lie, means a thousand-fold more. Instead of exposing remorselessly all of Mrs. Jones' peccadilloes to the cold gaze of a stranger, a charitable veil ought to be thrown over them. The mischief of an endless round of visiting, such as city ladies indulge in, comes from the fact that the talk is mainly personal, and about women whom they address as "dearest" inperfumed notes, and embrace on meeting with every show of affection. The worldly woman's moral principle is undermined by such practices. They are to be condemned without mercy. Any amount of bluntness and plainness of speech to the face is better than blandishments which do not prevent the keenest criticism behind the back. A woman who expresses no more than she actually feels is so rare that she is looked upon with astonishment. Not long ago we heard of a *rara avis* of this description who met a friend in the street, from whom she had been long parted, "Oh," said she, "I have thought of you two or three times lately!" Many women would have said I have thought of you a hundred times

The trouble lies mainly in the emptiness of some women's lives, and the circumscribed nature of their interests. They need fresh themes for thought, and new topics of conversation which shall dwarf all personal tittle-tattle and make it seem to them as despicable as it really is. The friendships of noble women with women are their most fruitful sources of inspiration—the secret of much of their strength and refreshment.

VULGAR PUBLICITY.

The fashionable world has at length been blessed with an organ which must be exactly what it wants, from the publisher's statement, that, although *Our Society* has existed but three months, it has now the largest sale of any of the popular periodicals that overflow our news stands. From the specimen before us, the literary cravings of upper-tendom must, we judge, be easily satisfied. The matter is of the same varied, exciting kind, which one meets with in an almanac or an auctioneer's catalogue, and did it not illustrate a peculiar social phase of the times, would have no meaning whatever. The publishers have certainly shown themselves very clever in jumping with the popular taste for publicity, which makes the newspaper a spy upon the most trivial and private matters and violations of good taste, which would have been castigated with kicks a few years back. More timid sheets have heretofore contented them-

selves with devoting a column or two to this personal business, while giving the remainder of their space to matters which were supposed to have some interest for the general reader. But with the advance in public taste we now have a large eight-page paper devoted to little else than chronicling the comings and goings, dressings, visitings and receivings of persons who never were heard of outside of their own little set. It is certainly exciting to be informed that "Miss St. John, of Brooklyn, has a walking suit of drab satin cloth making, with one deep flounce and two ruches upon the skirt;" that "Miss McKinley will soon return from Newark, Ohio, to her home at Wappinger Falls, after her very pleasant visit to her cousins;" that "Mrs. Philip Allen is a favorite society lady, and understands the art of entertaining her friends by elegant dinner parties." An item that reminds us a little too forcibly of Banquo's ghost comes in with the Cincinnati *News*, next to the announcement of a party, to the effect that "Miss Pinkie Tillotson recently died at the residence of her friend, Miss Ann Winslow, after an illness of several weeks." This unlucky little paragraph must have slipped in unawares, because anything likely to excite reflections on the possible end of balls and parties, dressing and dining, would, we feel sure, have an undesirable effect on the devoted readers of *Our Society*. Unpleasantness of this sort ought to be kept out of sight.

Although this is light literature devoted to mirth and gaiety, it is, in fact, rather heavy to take. The enterprising publishers ought to light up their pages with portraits of fashionable belles and beaux, who doubtless would be willing to pay handsomely for the privilege of getting their faces before the public. Some years ago, when a well-established weekly paper made a modest experiment in the way of publishing the private affairs of nobodies, old-fashioned folks were scandalized, and it leaked out that something like half a bushel of notes were sent weekly to the editor from private individuals—ladies mainly—begging for his notice.

Young women, who are not in the least strong-minded, are willing, it appears, to have their trousseau, with a list of the under-clothing down to the smallest article, spread out for the eyes of the million. It would not susprise us if *Our Society* should make a special department of this sort, by instituting a kind of back-stairs familiarity with ladies' bureau drawers, through the aid of women reporters.

The effect of this taste, which, to many persons, must seem exceedingly low and vulgar, has been and is calculated to injure the manners and lower the tone of our young society. The desire to pry into things about which people have no business to know is constantly stimulated. Domestic sanctity is fast becoming obsolete. The growing insolence of the personal item reporter is an insufferable nuisance. The comparatively harmless, though vulgar mania, for counting the ruffles upon a lady's skirt, or describing the lace upon her handkerchief, grows with what it feeds on until a stronger stimulus is supplied by carrion bits of slander grubbed out of the gutter. We believe this popular taste fosters the love of vanity and display and the temptation to fast living, that a more expensive dinner party, or a greater "crush" than that given by an acquaintance, may be reported in next morning's paper. The whole system is bad, and the effect upon young women especially, much to be deplored.

OPPORTUNITIES FOR THE WORKING CLASSES.

A proposition has been made in another city to open the libraries on Sunday, and we wish it could be adopted everywhere, especially here in New York, where the only doors open on Sunday afternoon to thousands of male strollers, through the streets are liquor shops and infamous houses. Some lure ought to be furnished young men to counteract the effect of these enticements. The only way to fight temptation effectually is to afford a counteracting influence more attractive through the benefits which it confers. The crowds which frequent our public reading-rooms on a week day, show how greedy are the minds of the middle and lower classes for opportunities. Those who have no other time but Sunday in which to snatch an hour for reading, certainly need some provision made for them, and some morally healthful opposition ought to be set at work against the evil influences which, alas, are more active on Sunday, than on any other day of the week.

It may be said that churches and religious exercises offer all that is needed in this direction; but facts prove that they do not. There are thousands who never enter our churches from one year's end to the other. How much the spirit of caste and exclusiveness has to do with it, and how much is due to the fact that spiritual things, as presented by our preachers, fail to interest great numbers of people we cannot say.

Satan must be fought outside as well as inside of church walls. Means for mental improvement are among the very best offensive weapons. When reading-rooms, libraries, and picture galleries, have a fair start with gin shops, gambling hells, and other haunts of sin, we believe they will be sure to win in the race,

If our religious sects are unable to meet the wants of immense classes, and to offer any effectual check to the evils which wait for the steps of those who wander aimlessly about our streets on Sunday, they certainly ought not to oppose a movement which takes up these classes, and aims to do them good through other agencies, just where the church has failed.

We could urge these considerations especially on behalf of working girls who have no other leisure day but Sunday for intellectual enjoyments. Many, doubtless, would prefer to see them in Bible classes and conference meetings on the afternoon of the Lord's day, but if they will not frequent such assemblies, and would resort to libraries, reading-rooms, and picture galleries instead, ought not the last named places to be open to them—ought puritanical scruples to be allowed to deprive them of the profit and enjoyments accruing?

We should be glad to see the Academy of Design giving free exhibitions on Sunday. Culture is the firm ally of morality. As the desire for refined pleasures increases, in the same proportion will the taste for gross gratifications of the senses die out. The only way to create this desire is by affording opportunities—extending advantages. The people need an art education, but they can never acquire it here in America, so long as such works of art as we possess are jealously shut from their gaze. Nothing in Europe excites more admiration than the vast magnificent galleries opened freely to the people by governmental munificence.

Such influences are the direct allies of churches and schools. Servant girls, sewing-women, shop-girls, and factory operatives, who have only one day of leisure in the week, ought to have wholesome enjoyments provided. The covers are all taken off the pits of infamy on Sunday. Why, we ask, should every door that leads to intellectual improvement and refined pleasure be kept locked and bolted?

SENSELESS FASHIONS.

Mrs. Dr. Walker may be very sincere and well-intentioned when she says she would like to see women dress so, that like boys, they could catch a ball with ease and celerity; but our opinion is that there are other ends to be subserved in woman's costume besides ball-catching. The short suit, as at present worn, subserves the purposes of ball-play, so far as women are likely to engage in the game for sport and exercise.

All we ask of women is to consider two things in dress, which they are inexcusably apt to overlook,—health and beauty. A woman has no right to compress her vital organs with stays, or prison her vitals under masses of whalebone and cotton, which may give a finer appearance of development to the bust, but are a positive injury to health. Women have no right to deform themselves with a monstrous and unnatural hump upon the back which destroys utterly the symmetry of the form, and makes them look like misshapen abortions. Nothing is more remarkable than the stupid way some women deform themselves from obedience to fashion. Walking on Fifth Avenue the other day, in the course of a few blocks, we saw at least twenty women, with a structure upon the back called bustle or tournure, upon which apparently a full-grown person could have sat with ease.

Now, we all know that there is nothing of this kind appended to a woman's form. It is a big, ugly bunch of artificialry, which one would suppose a modest woman could hardly assume without blushing. One can easily imagine the straits to which modistes were driven before this dromedary hump was invented. We believe if women spent the least thought as to beauty and appropriateness of costume—what is in accordance with their needs, and the proportions of the human form, this abomination of fashion would never have come into existence.

The great complaint is, that women think too much of dress; their thinking is used to devise means of following all the stupid, ugly and tyrannical decrees of the power that rules the r; but too little feminine intellect is expended in discriminating between the senseless and the sensible, the beautiful and the abominable, in style. A vast deal of labor and expense is bestowed upon trimmings which perhaps only in the end, overload and disfigure the dress. Women will never be freed from this thraldom until they throw off to some degree, at least conventional obedience, and look at fashion with their own eyes from the standpoint of fitness and common sense.

It is doubtless well to conform to the prevailing modes, so long as they do not outrage beauty and convenience, but at that point, it is a shame to a woman if she have not mind enough of her own to rebel.

There is no more exquisite satire to be met than that conveyed in the term fashionable

mourning. That people can be absorbed in fashion and grief at the same moment, is grotesque in the extreme. Those who feel the assurances of an exalted religious faith, and reflect upon the meaning of "suits of sable," have, in some cases, discarded mourning altogether. If any emotion should express itself outwardly, by a simple unostentatious dress, certainly it is grief for departed friends. The rejection or adoption of a black dress is to be left in all cases to the feelings of the mourner without remark or criticism, where the styles adopted are not detrimental to health. Sweeping, funereal veils of thick English crape are exceedingly injurious when worn over the face. As a heavy weight dragging from the head, they are burdensome. The texture, the dye used in preparation, are poisonous to the air passing through to the lungs. The eyes are weakened by the twilight they create, as we have more than once heard from those doomed to wander about in this sort of Egyptian gloom. Why would not a gauze or lace veil, forming a somewhat less impervious medium for air and light to pass through, as fitly express the grief of the wearer? We hope to yet see the day when these particular badges of woe will be looked upon as relics literally, of the dark ages.

THE LIVE QUESTION.

To the Editor of the Revolution:

WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 11th, 1871.

Enclosed you will find problems for the "ten thousand women;" it should be in every house, on every centre table, in every woman's hands. You will, I know, publish it for the benefit of these women who are so anxious for the spiritual good of those of us who are neglecting our duty for the public weal. Do you realize the work that is being done? I think it hardly possible that you can, as you have no regular correspondent here. It is difficult for me to realize it, even though anxiously watching every move. Woman's suffrage is the uppermost question everywhere, and temperance comes next in order. A wonderful contrast to the old regime when no moral question was ever touched in society. Strange to say, all women have opinions now, and that is one of the most encouraging signs of the times that they are for or against the movement. I think that the presentation of the legal right of every citizen to the ballot next Thursday evening, the 16th, will be a most spirit-stirring occasion, and one which will do much toward settling the vexed question.

Said Judge Woodward to Mrs. Woodhull: "Although I do not like the idea of woman's voting, you have sprung this legal question upon us and there is no way of escaping it."

The effort to obtain a sixteenth amendment to the Constitution will be abortive; every Senator with whom I converse feels that every amendment is a blot upon the original Constitution, and that if they had done their work less hurriedly it would have been better done, and that women have, under the original Constitution and these amendments, which clearly define the rights of citizens, the most undoubted right to the ballot. Those that oppose this ground offer no arguments, only their old, time-honored prejudices.

The Judiciary minority report will soon be ready for circulation. It is a most able document, and one to be put into the hands of every voter to teach them their duty. I wish that a hundred thousand names might be sent in demanding a declaratory act to be passed at this session. Says Senator Pomeroy: "You have prayed long enough; now demand and you will get the right, which is clearly yours, acknowledged, and then you can go to your States and get it ratified.

The *Tribune* had a litle fling from one of its correspondents, which I took direct to Mr. Arnell, Chairman of the Committee, who had invited us into his Committe-room to hold meetings and transact business. I asked him how much of truth there was in it. After carefully reading it he replied, "not one word; so far from there being either restriction placed upon the ladies who have met here, or a wish to turn them out, we are desirous to have them remain, and only reluctantly consent to their going to the Agricultural Committee-room, where they have been invited, because it is larger and more acceptable than ours." Thus spite and envy defeat themselves; there is no doubt of the reason for this attack. We ocupy this pleasant new room from two to four, p. m., where we are daily busy taking names, talking, etc. Yesterday we had a crowd of ladies, and with this I send you the report of the meeting cut from the *Chronicle*. There is so much of interest that I would gladly extend my letter if I had not so many demands upon my time; but I can only further add that we earnestly desire names sent in by all who desire suffrage, and who wish to have political tracts to circulate during the next year. The sum asked is only one dollar, with the name written on a nice slip of paper, so that it can be put into the autograph book, and the money credited in the cash book. The politicians are very busy here, collecting money for the next political campaign. We must work too, but not in precisely the same way; ours must be a free-will offering, not an assessment on the women clerks, with the certain prospect of discharge if they refuse to pay it. There were large sums raised for the last election, and still larger will be demanded for the next election.

Ever yours, PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

BY H. HOLLIST.

Allow a reader of your journal to offer a few comments on the interesting letter of your Woolwich correspondent, E. M. King, that appeared in your paper of Thursday, the 2d inst.

Admiring, as I do, the moral courage with which the women of England have met the question involved in the "Contagious Diseases Acts," I cannot but regret the action they have taken in the matter, based, as I believe it to be, on wrong conclusions.

Has not the old ostrich policy of shutting the eyes to this gigantic sort of pest, called the social evil, held sway long enough to demonstrate its utter futility? and if, as all authorities appear to think, it is utterly impossible to totally suppress this loathsome plague-spot of civilization, although until woman's intellect and philanthropy have grappled energetically with this fearful phase of social life, I cannot think even that to be quite beyond hope, certainly, *ignoring* its existence will not abate the curse. There is no denying the fact that its ravages increase daily, and the deplorable effects on the wholly innocent are more appalling than the consequences to the parties immediately guilty. Let every mother pause before heeding the false and sentimental cry that measures of prevention would but countenance and legalize this vice.

Surely, it is high time some remedial measures were attempted to stay this wholesale slaughter of the innocents. The do-nothing theory has been tried long enough. In the name of humanity and common sense, let the mothers of the race forbear to thrust aside what may prove at least a help in staying the course of the insiduous poison engendered by prostitution, and few indeed are the families altogether free from the taint.

The conversation of the two girls recorded by your correspondent does not appear to confirm her fear that this act promotes the growth of the moral disease. The conversation evidently implies that the medical examination is much disliked by the girls and only submitted to as a necessity to which in time they are reconciled. I see, however, one very grave objection to the Act, and wonder English women have not ere this remonstrated against a law that appoints *men* instead of *women* the examining doctors of these poor social outcasts.

Recently a great outcry was made by the *Saturday Review* on the outrage offered the "modesty" of the male medical students by the efforts of a few educated ladies to attend their clinical lectures. Are we to think the susceptible modesty so easily aroused when their medical monopoly is attacked—is powerless to suggest or influence their retirement from a branch of the profession so much fitter for women, on every ground of modesty, feeling, and common sense?

If the women of England would only devote their energies to carrying out this glaringly needed reform, and thus save their fallen sisters trom this last senseless degradation, the medical administration of the Act in the hands of thoroughly capable female doctors might possibly awaken some of those forlorn ones to a better life, whereas the ministration of any "very nice gentleman" would be only too likely to destroy all remaining vestage of womanly modesty. I think not one good reason can be urged to justify the employment of men in such positions.

Surely it is some slight gain if, as your correspondents affirms in the garrison town of Woolwich there is owing to this Act less of even the outward manifestation of vice. And the fact she speaks of so bitterly that the British army (like all other armies) is composed of "men, officers, and prostitutes," is neither more nor less a fact than it was before the government supervision, and the recognition of the evil is undoubtedly necessary if any remedy is to be attempted.

NEW JERSEY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the New Jersey Woman Suffrage Association will be held at the Opera House, Newark, on Wednesday, February 15th, 1871, at 10 o'clock.

Business meeting in the morning. The afternoon and evening sessions at 2½ and 7½ o'clock, will be addressed by Lucy Stone, Mrs. Celia Burleigh, Aaron M. Powell, and other eminent speakers.

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The Revolution.

PROSPECTUS.

The Revolution is a journal devoted to the welfare of Woman.

If its name be thought too ungentle to represent the sex for whom it speaks, let us explain in what sense its purpose is revolutionary.

A women is a teacher in a school in which, for doing the same duty as a man, exercising the same skill as a man, and achieving the same success as a man, she gets only one-third as much salary as a man; and this unfairness of wages we aim to revolutionize.

A woman toils from Monday morning till Saturday night, earning a scanty living for a besotted husband and hungry children, and at the end of every week her wages become the property of a man who, instead of supporting her, is supported by her; and this legalized serfdom we aim to revolutionize.

A woman works in a factory two hours a day longer than human nature ought to endure, and receives a weekly compensation too small sometimes to keep soul and body together; and this over-work and under-pay we aim to revolutionize.

A woman wishes to provide her children with a good education, but, in seeking to do so, discovers that though every ignorant man in the school-district has a voice in determining the school system, she herself has legally no influence whatever; and this unreasonable restriction we seek to revolutionize.

A woman is held to a strict account by society (as she ought to be) for personal purity of character, while, at the same time, public opinion holds out a hundred-fold more liberal pardon to the vices of men; and this unequal and debasing standard of morality we aim to revolutionize.

A woman loves her country, cherishes its institutions, rears her children to reverence its liberty, and is herself one of its most serviceable citizens, yet is denied her just suffrage in determining the laws by which she is governed, while every vagabond who sleeps in a gutter at night may be awakened in the morning, and carted as a citizen to the ballot-box; and this mockery of republican equality we seek to revolutionize.

Not to lengthen the catalogue of illustrations, we say in brief, that every law of the state, every limitation of wages, every inadequate system of education, every tyranny of custom, every equal conventionalism of society, and every other incubus which bears unjustly and injuriously on woman, to cripple her growth and hinder her progress;—any and every obstacle which prevents her realization of the high ideal to which God predestined woman by creating her soul for an immortal equality with man's;—all this we aim to revolutionize.

Called into existence to utter the cry of the ill-paid, of the unfriended, and of the disfranchised, this journal is woman's voice speaking from woman's heart.

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PROGRESS AT THE CAPITAL.

A very interesting meeting was recently held in the Committee Room of Labor and Education by the National Women's Suffrage Committee. Mrs. Hooker called the meeting to order, and made a very effective address. She dwelt upon the crime of licensing places of prostitution, and was followed by Mrs. Woodhull, who emphasized the same idea. Afterward the new Declaration of Independence, which has already been published in THE REVOLUTION, was read, together with an appeal. We clip the following from the columns of a Washington paper:

THE APPEAL.

A National Woman's Suffrage and Educational Committee having been organized in this city, for the purpose of pressing upon Congress such action in the matter of the enfranchisement of the women of the Republic, as is called for both by the principles of the original Constitution and by the 14th and 15th amendments thereto; and also for the purpose of printing a series of political tracts, with special reference to the new duties of citizenship about to devolve upon women, for systematic distribution in families.

We, the undersigned, pledge ourselves to aid the committee in their work by an annual subscription of at least one dollar to the printing fund, and by such personal influence as we may be able from time to time to exert.

Mrs. Governor Jewell, of Connecticut, who came in just after the reading of the above, was the first to the give her signature to the cause, and was followed by Mrs. Creamer, President Grant's sister, and Mrs. Governor McCook, of Colorado.

Mrs. Hooker then stated that she had just received word from Mrs. President Grant, who they expected would be present and sign the Declaration and Appeal, that she was unavoidably detained, but that her heart was with them and she wished them much success.

There were present, besides the Committee, a large number of ladies, who seemed to be deeply interested in the cause, among whom were Mrs. Senator Cragin, of New Hampshire, Mrs. Ela, wife of Congressman Ela, of New Hampshire, Mrs. Julian, wife of Congressman Julian, of Indiana, Mrs. Sargent, wife of Congressman Sargent, of California, and many others.

Quite a general discussion was indulged in upon the present state of society and the most effective means of remedying it. After which the meeting adjourned.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The following excellent resolutions were passed by the Woman Suffrage Convention, recently held at the capital of the State:

Resolved, That the constitution of the State, like the government of God, should be based upon the fundamental principles of justice, liberty and equality, and all laws which compromise any of these principles by guaranteeing to one class of citizens rights and privileges which they withhold from others, are alike sinful in the sight of God, and injurious to the public welfare.

Resolved, That it is the duty of women to vote, in order to establish temperance, education, purity and peace; to promote the interests of religion and morals; to help make good laws and elect good men to office.

Resolved, That as the committee of the last Legislature to which the 1063 woman suffrage petitions were referred, admit that the grievances suffered by woman though "exaggerated," were real, and the "remedy proposed," though "inadequate," was needed, we regret that it omitted to define the grievance, or suggest an adequate remedy.

Resolved, That we request the Legislature of New Hampshire, in its next session, to enact a law authorizing women to vote in town elections, on all questions concerning public schools and the licensing of the sale of intoxicating drinks.

Resolved, That we recommend the speedy formation of an auxilliary society in every county of the State.

Resolved, That we request the Executive Committee of the New Hampshire Woman's Suffrage Association to address a circular letter to every minister in the State, of every denomination, requesting him to preach a sermon on the political rights and duties of christian women.

Resolved, That we request the Executive Committee to address a memorial, in behalf of woman suffrage, to the next State Conventions of the various political parties.

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HOW WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE AND OFFICE HOLDING WORK.

The following letter was written by Mrs. Esther Morris, of South Pass, Wyoming, the first woman Justice of the Peace in America, and read before the late Woman Suffrage Convention in Washington, D. C.:

SOUTH PASS CITY, WY. T.

MY DEAR MRS. HOOKER: After this long delay, I would return many thanks for your kind letter, your sensible report, and more than all, for the strong right hand of fellowship.

So far as woman suffrage has progressed in this Territory, we are entirely indebted to men.

To William H. Knight belongs the honor of presenting the Woman Suffrage bill; and it was our District Judge, the Hon. John W. Kingham, who proposed my appointment as a Justice of the Peace, and the trial of women as jurors.

Circumstances have transpired to make my position as Justice of the Peace a test of woman's ability to hold public office, and I feel that my work has been satisfactory, although I have often regretted I was not better qualified to fill the position. Like all pioneers, I have labored more in faith and hope.

I have assisted in drawing a grand and petit jury, deposited a ballot, and helped canvass the votes after the election, and in performing all these duties, I do not know as I have neglected my family any more than in ordinary shopping, and I must admit that I have been better paid for the services rendered than for any I have ever performed. In some thirty civil actions tried before me, there has been but one appeal taken, and the judgment was affirmed in the court above, and in the criminal cases also before me there has been no call for a jury.

My family consists of a husband and three sons, all of whom have been more ready to assist me in the performance of my official duties than in my domestic affairs.

My term of office expired November 1, and I sent you a paper with an account of a supper given by the new officers, and a notice of my retirement from office.

My idea of the woman question in Wyoming is, that while we enjoy the privilege of the elective franchise, we have not been sufficiently educated up to it. The election here, and agitation of woman's voting has caused us to think, and has placed us far in advance of what we were, and I now think that we shall be able to sustain the position which has been granted us.

I have had the pleasure of reading one of your tracts, and would be pleased to receive a few for distribution, for I think your views of the woman question are such as will convince those who are open to conviction.

Hoping I may at no distant day have the pleasure of a more intimate acquaintance, I remain your sincere friend,

ESTHER MORRIS.

MARRIAGE.

Marriage—says Jeremy Taylor—has in it less of beauty, but more safety than single life; it has not more ease, but less danger; it is more merry and more sad; it is fuller of sorrows and fuller of joys; it lies under more burdens, it is supported by all the strength of love and charity, and those burdens are delightful. Marriage is the mother of the world, and preserves kingdoms, and fills cities and churches and heaven itself. Celibacy, like the fly in the heart of an apple, dwells in perpetual sweetness, but sits alone, and is confined and dies in singularity, but marriage, like the useful bee, builds a house and gathers sweetness from every flower, and labors and unites into societies and republics and sends out colonies; and feeds the world with delicacies, and obeys their king, and keeps order, and exercises many virtues, and promotes the interest of mankind, and is that state of good to which God hath designed the present constitution of the world.

—The Kansas City papers called Miss Anthony's lecture in that place, the success of the season. Mrs. Livermore spoke in the same hall, on the following evening.

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—A paper with cannibalistic propensities advertises "for girls for cooking."

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—Intelligent pet—'Ma, dear, what do they play the organ so loud for when church is over? Is it to wake us up?"

—Why do girls kiss each other and men do not? Because girls have nothing better to kiss, and men have.

—"Woman is a delusion, madam!" exclaimed a crusty old bachelor to a witty young lady. "And man is always hugging some delusion or other," was the quick reply.

—An old lady in Connecticut, whose early education was neglected, has put out a sign announcing, "Goin' out whitewashing done in here."

—Young lady physicians are multiplying rapidly throughout the country, and consequently the young men are decidedly more sickly than they used to be.

—Mother: "Now Charlie, run and fetch the beer." Charlie: "Ugh! it's a rainin' so'ard tain't fit to turn a dog out in. Can't ye send gran'father?

—A lady, in reply to some guests who praised the mutton on the table, said: "Oh! yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicac*."

—A bachelor friend suggests that in most marriages considerable "soft soap," with strong *lie* is used, and the whole operation ends in *shaving*.

—Heinrich Heine said every woman wrote with one eye on her page, and the other on some man—except the Countess of Haw-Haw, who had but one eye.

—"Which of our vehicles shall we sell?" asked a cross-grained man of his wife, "the sulky or the sociable?" "Let us get rid of the *sulky* by all means, and retain the *sociable*," was the response.

—An unmarried friend declared to us the other day, with an expression of countenance most lugubrious—"I never cared a farthing about getting married until I attended an old bachelor's funeral."

—A doting mother of a waggish boy, having bottled a lot of nice preserves, labeled them, "Put up by Mrs. D——." Johnny, having discovered them, soon ate the contents of the bottle, and wrote on the bottom of the label, "Put down by Johnnie D——."

POPULAR LECTURES.—PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGIENE; or the Laws of Life, Health, Strength and Beauty, by A. O'Leary, M. D. Brooklyn Atheneum, Wednesday evening, Feb. 15th. Illustrated by means of a vast collection of Clastique Models, Manikins, Pathological Specimens, Maps, Drawings, &c. The finest of the kind in the world. These lectures draw crowded houses in all parts of the country, as they did in England and Scotland, and are of great interest to all thoughtful and intelligent people. Seats, first lecture, free. Front seats reserved for ladies and gentlemen accompanying them.

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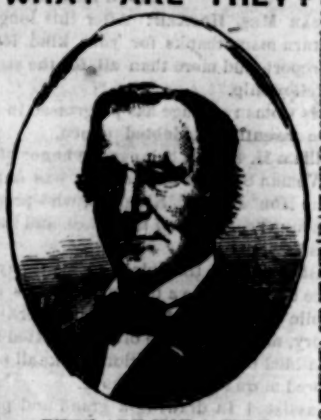

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